

winter issue



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CORADDI

STUDENT MAGAZINE

of

WOMAN'S COLLEGE of the UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

GREENSBORO, N. C.



DORIS LEE POOLE,
a freshman art major,
selects the laundry for the
subject of her charcoal drawing.
Frontispiece and spots are also selec-
tions from the work of Art 101 classes.

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Volume LI
Number 2

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H.Costas

—Helen Costas

Greece

or

The Person Who Wrote This Should Be Fried In It

CHARACTERS:

Xenophon Weller
Euripides Reynolds
Cassandra King
Cleon Keister
Proverbial Pythagoras
Lucius Lycander
Others

PLACE:

R. A. Fooled Ya' That means
Rhodes and Athens.

TIME:

Anywhere from 2000 B.C. (before
Cometti) to 500 A.D. (after
Draper)

DEDICATION

This manuscript, taken from the original which appears on the Rosetta Stone, to be found in Paris, is respectfully and lovingly dedicated to a swell bunch of heterae with whom I have spent a wonderful year in History 353. To their brave souls and charred bodies which faced unflinchingly the hard knocks of this survey course, and to our faithful teacher, I wish to dedicate this play.

WARNING

Anyone who has the nerve to copyright this (it wouldn't be hard to do it wrong either) will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law! The Patrician Publishing Company has exclusive rights over this masterpiece. The Board of Directors of the Patrician Publishing Company may be contacted at the nearest insane asylum. To use any portion or the whole of this play [will be such a brave deed that the user will be promptly awarded the Bronze Star] permission must be secured from the following people. As soon as they have all given their approval, presentation may follow.

| | |
|----------------------|--|
| Vitamin Flintheart | Aaron Burr (being as it's cold) |
| Thomas Jefferson | Lily Pons |
| Humphrey Bogart | Margaret Truman |
| Hannibal's Elephants | Rosie Reardon |
| Elizabeth Peele | Darius IIIIIIIIIII |
| Taine (thru M. W.) | The 3 Stooges |
| Marshall Ney | Charlie Phillips (can be found as soon as the above are located.) |
| Janitors in McIver | George Thompson |
| Bernard Baruch | Louis XIV |
| The Lone Ranger | Mahatma Ghandi |

The first showing of this is to be only a preview. The true presentation will be made at the W. C. Annual Arts Forum in collaboration with the Modern Dance Group, the College Choir, and the Dining Hall Workers.

The author (we will omit her name as she will probably sue me for libel, slander, and misdemeanors) wishes to express her appreciation to her fellow inmates and to the floor nurse of the Insolent Intelligentia Insane Asylum for help. Especially the hungry, sex-starved, sadistic, schizophrenic, maladjusted inhabitants of Room 300!

Published 1947 A. H. (after history)

Scene One: A public place

Occasion: Meeting of the Ecclesia

Characters: Whoever happens to wander on the stage

FIRST CITIZEN: Hail and farewell, junior archon! Thinkest thou we shalt have a pop test Monday?

SECOND CITIZEN: Flaminius Fowler say'st we shall. Socrates hath posed before me a ponderous subject this day.

FIRST CITIZEN: What is that?

SECOND CITIZEN: Does your cigarette taste different lately?

FIRST CITIZEN: But cert, Gert. Hark! Who approacheth so stealthily? (*Much noise and commotion backstage*) Why, 'pon my torn toga — 'tis the council of old women.

SECOND CITIZEN: Please refrain from such vulgarity and ignorance. Use the language of all Historians 353. Here comes the Gerousette — and harken unto the president, Pillar Cometti.

FIRST CITIZEN: Ah, yes, there also is Demon (*not a typographical error*) Draper. I can tell because her undertoga is partially in view on one side.

SECOND CITIZEN: How true! Look at Leonidas Largent and Hermes Hege. But feast your eyes on that lovely creature. Why, 'pon my vocabulary, 'tis Socrates Swecker. Truly her lease on the Upper Class Reserve Room must be up. I imagine Cleon Keister has subletted it.

(*Huge crowd gathers in square. CASSANDRA KING arises to take charge of the meeting.*)

KING: Friends, Grecians, countrymen: lend me your cauliflower ears.

WELLER: The food shortage is becoming acute, is it not?

KING: We have important business to transact on this day. But first we are to be entertained as was the great Queen Berenice, by Euripides Reynolds and the Andrewcon Sisters who will tell us why "Money Is the Root of All Evil."

CITIZEN: Cass, I suggest the absence of a quorum.

KING: Will Citizen No. 7649875850 please refrain from using word of Roman origin at our meeting. Besides, nobody knows what the big word means. Continue, Euripides.

CITIZEN: Hark! Here comes the runner in a cloud of dust. Here his hearty HI YO SILVER; truly he must bring news from Thermopylae.

RUNNER: Harken to my words, comrades. Great news! Now playing at the Thermopylae Theatre is Spellbound with a superb new cast, including Joe E. Brown and Zazu Pitts. At the Aetolian is playing Tobacco Rhodes with Rita Hayworth and Frank Sinatra. The play is in honor of our great province. Too! A double feature. Also playing is Tall in the Saddle with Alexis Smith and Paul M. "Do-Not-Erase-But-You-Can-Bet-Your-Life-Dr.-Boyd-Will" Gregory. I must be off . . .

WELLER: To spread the news?

RUNNER: No, I was just drafted.

WELLER: Must you fight in the Peloponnesian War?

RUNNER: No, I have a Play Project to do for Bdelycleon Boyd.

KING: Continue, Euripides, with your speech.

SOPHIST: (*entering*) Welcome, Citizens! As a representative of the Woman's College of the University of Lyceum, I have returned to conduct my second lesson in "How To Win Friends and Influence Teachers." Ah! I have discovered the simple way to successfully influence Sophist Boyd is to hail from Boston. One is sure to win an Alpha grade then. To influence Demosthenes Draper one must be a North Carolina tenant farmer. Ah! But most difficult of all is Leonidas Largent. You must have a vast knowledge of the continuity of the New Deal-ean League. All this sounds so easy; but for the unfortunate periocci who cannot accomplish such a deed—(*shouting*) Is there no Justice — Where is Justice?

VOICE FROM REAR OF SQUARE: Justice is not present tonight. He was chosen Tailback for the All-Grecian Team and has gone to the Olympic Games.

SOPHIST: Oh, the Olympic Games! How I wouldst love to see the gladiators and those two wonderful teams in the Hellenistic Series—the Salamis Senators and the Rhodes Red Sox. But, friends, I have brought sad tidings. No longer will I be able to come to impart my knowledge to you. (*Cheers and clamoring from the audience*) My great fraternity has recalled me to Plato's Academy. The greatest fraternity of all Greece, the Eta Bita Pie. Friends, I have a colleague who will come to teach for me hereafter. She has just received her Demagoguing Certificate . . . it is none other than Xenophon Weller, the best senior archon teacher in all the Peloponnesus. I must be off — please pass your money to me.

CITIZEN: The cur, taking our money for his enlightening speeches!

SOPHIST: Well . . . you know what happened to Uncle Henry, don't you? (*He leaves.*)

KING: Euripides Reynolds, you may make your speech now.

CITIZEN: I suggest we get to business. I have a heavy date with my heteræ.

ALL: Yes, yes, by all means.

REYNOLDS: It's getting to be as hard to give a talk here as it is to ask a question in Boyd's class. If you don't believe me, just ask Cleon Keister.

KING: The gerousia has asked us to vote on a weighty matter.

CLEON KEISTER: (*indignantly*) I object. I am not ready to be voted on yet.

KING: The question is— are Oriental Meat Balls more nourishing and full of vitamin Beta, Omega, Alpha than is Cabbage Casserole? Everyone knows, of course, Oriental Meat Balls originated in the Indus Valley which is as far east as the survey course covers.

CITIZEN: I suggest we refer the matter to our wives.

KING: All in favor . . . (*complete silence*) Opposed . . . (*loud shouts, yells, clamors, etc.*) the eyes have it but the nose always gets the cabbage.

Scene Two: A wooded place in Peabody Park of Peloponnesus

Occasion: A picnic

Characters: All

Enter group of women.

WELLER: Didst thy husband tell you news concerning the meeting of the Ecclesia last night?

REYNOLDS: Mine husband didn't come home last night.

Chorus sings: "Somebody Else Is Taking Her Place."

WELLER: Lookest thou over there and view our distinguished guests. There's John's Other Wife, better known as John's Heteræ. Also there's Mary Noble, Backstage Wife, and Ma Persoponis Perkins.

REYNOLDS: Ach! President Protagoras told me Perkins was not to be invited today. Do you know she doesn't even use Antioch Antisneeze Soap Powder.

WELLER: Oh! How disgraceful! It is truly a wonder she has not been demoted from the tribe of 500 measure women to the 300 measure women. Ah, but look at that lovely creature over there.

REYNOLDS: Upon my word, 'tis Mary Ritter Beard. News hath reached me that she is writing another papyrus on "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" or "The Persian Navy in 468 B.C." She is truly a gifted woman.

WELLER: You would be too if you were heteræ to as many men as she is. It is said that only yesterday she received a new set of teeth.

REYNOLDS: Ah! lookest who approacheth. It's Candy Clisthenes, the food chairman. What tidings dost thou bring us?

CANDY: We are to have tempting refreshments this night. We have tasty Parthenon Freeze, even better than Guilford Dairy Vitamin D ice cream. Also we are serving Dr. Hippocrates' Magic Formula and Oriental Meat Balls, that rich delicacy from the Indus Valley.

WELLER: Also I hear that the Babylonian Babes are going to perform tonight. Ah! Euripides Reynolds, tellest thou me where is Cleon Keister? Was she

(Continued on Page 18)

She's Gone Now

THE house which had seemed a dead and rotted piece of wood began to have live currents stirring again within it. The somber tempo had quickened and the volume of life surged forward once again, gathering momentum toward normality. The funeral had been over a week. The family had made rapid adjustment to the loss. All but one.

Janice sat quietly on the floor in the parlor, pushing a small rubber ball back and forth lightly with her fingers. Her slightly puffed blue eyes were fixed upon an old black leather chair in a far corner of the room. There were still small indentures in the back as if someone had just arisen from it. A week ago it had been moved away and the coffin put in its place. But now it was back and the coffin was gone. The heavy smell of flowers was becoming thinner and thinner as it became suffused with the fresh air which seemed to be inhaled through the windows of the house.

The girl turned her head slightly as she heard the side door slam. The voices were those of her mother and father. "We ought to arrange about taking some flowers Sunday . . . weather's been so bad. I've got to think about having the house painted when things

get normal again . . . probably all been for the best . . . for Janice . . ." Her father's voice.

Her mother answered. "I'm worried about the child . . . walks around without crying . . . alone in that room . . . always seemed so happy with Mother . . . are you using the car this afternoon?"

Pushing herself up from the floor, Janice limped to the screen door which opened out onto the large porch, her short leg causing her to bend sharply to the left with every step. She moved outside into the cool morning. With her hands behind her, she leaned back against the door. It was a morning like other mornings, a little fogger perhaps.

Fog? The word wavered like a soft, indistinguishable note in her mind as Janice sought to fit it in somewhere in the chords of her memory.

"Janice, we're in a cloud." A delighted voice, a dim, old voice from the past.

The girl went back into the house. Hearing the one-tone treble of the dinner bell, she turned toward the dining room. At the table she ate disinterestedly, oblivious of the quiet discussion of practical matters by her father and mother. She remembered the small fried egg she had left on her plate at breakfast. It must be Sunday, she thought; they had fried eggs only on Sunday. Why hadn't she been asked to help with breakfast? The answer crowded in swiftly: Granny wasn't here to fix it. They had always done it together.

"Look, Janice, at the little egg yolks ruffling up their skirts around them."

The meal over, Janice slipped out of her chair quietly and placed her folded napkin by her plate. She was free now if only they wouldn't ask her what she was going to do all afternoon. She closed the dining room door behind her and started down the hall. Hearing her name, she stopped a minute. They were not calling her, though. Just a blend of voices.

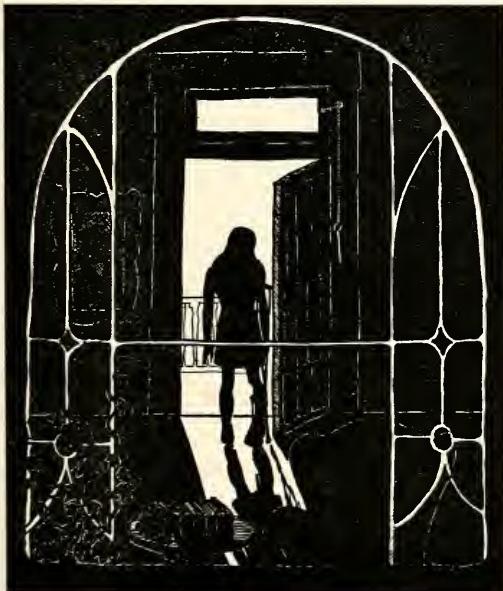
"I wish we could . . . can't be like other children . . . bad situation . . . confined exclusively to the company of someone as old . . ."

". . . paper says we may have a heavy frost tonight."

Janice turned back and limped toward the steps.

". . . store furniture . . . send lamp to Aunt Jenny and . . ."

(Continued on Page 17)



—Martha Dettor

Curtain!

Enter Curtis . . . Curtis Ames. He does not walk, he struts. His high-heeled boots of carved black leather with the insloping heel and pointed toe step daintily across the floor. An obstacle, the record heap, presents itself, must be avoided. All faces in the room turn towards him and watch . . . *What's to be done?* Gravely, Curtis Ames regards the situation, frowns almost imperceptibly and acts. Slowly one black carved boot ascends the air, and, like the giant colossus, Ames bestrides the land — the records rather — and poises (all five feet three of him) in graceful ease. Operation completed, he smiles . . . but ah, no ordinary smile! A young god's smile, just one lip curved, one eyebrow raised a fraction of an inch, small chin pointed like a cock's beak at the ceiling.

An instant rests he in his victory. Then small square hand with square cut nails and signet ring commands a beer bottle. In infant clasp Ames elevates his find, and rosy-small mouth curls to take a swig . . . *Ab, life . . . ab, lovely liquor . . . ab, lady, lovely lady . . . Where's the whiskey, sweetheart?* and small glinting eyes look up wide open. So blue the eyes of Ames!

Ab, lady, lovely lady, stay awhile . . . Talk to me, sweetheart . . . talk to me. He smiles. Who can resist? She talks. He listens. Red-shirted shoulders shrug and short, muscular arms stretch in the air. For Ames has had a busy day. Ames rests his weary reddish head, short, kinky curls and all, on lady's breast . . . *Ab, lady, have you heard of Marx and Lenin and the Internationale? Of Ibsen and the Theater? Of You-skevitch . . . the dance, you know . . . Of Mondrian? . . . Picasso, then perhaps? . . . Ab, what a shame! Poor lady, lovely lady!* Curtis Ames scratches (quite lazily) his chest, draws in his breath and blows the bellows in his lungs, balloons himself. His short, curved calf bulges in blue-jeans and the boot, the high-heeled boot, ennobles table with its precious

weight. Soft cushions lull him . . . ladies dull him . . . Ames and dames . . . little games.

Square hand grasps Hemingway and signet ring gleams black and gold in candlelight, caresses pet prize Luger bought from ex-GI returning home and broke. Dim faces welded from all corners of the room to this, the glint and glisten of said mysterious emblem of their Ames . . . Curtis Ames, that is, the poet-player, artist-actor, gunman-guy.

Deep in his pocket discreetly folded, is his play . . . no punctuation, and no names. (The players are anonymous . . . What's in a name? so introduction says, which is ten pages long, no capitals.)

Around his slender waist is clasped a rawhide belt, closed with a silver buckle, shining in the light. A pipe protrudes from his breast pocket and he lifts it to his lips, so that the faces are allowed to see how naturally the stubble on his cheek grows forth untamed. Short fingers curl around the pipe stem and blue eyes are lowered to the bowl. Four puffs, two matches, and relief at last: the fumes arise. He smokes. The sweet aroma winds the room and, eyes half closed, Ames lies upon his lady's breast and muses . . . while beer bottles erect a tiny wall around his couch and the pet Luger glistens ominously in reaching distance.

The faces tiptoe out, soft one by one. For Ames is weary. (They can tell: he pouts.) When they are gone, Ames turns to lady and makes love. But not for long . . . The beer is gone and lady's lipstick pales and hair is mussed as rag rug. So he smiles, stretches himself and swings across the floor. *Goodnight, baby.* He sighs and holds the door for her. She smiles, precedes him and descends the stairs. He blows the candles out, pulls off his boots and idles down the hall.

Goodnight, sweet prince . . . goodnight . . . good-night . . . goodnight.

—NANCY SIFF

Wet Rhapsody

I clasp your hand in mine
And soothe your gently flowing tears.
'Twould hurt you so to let you know
You'd had too many beers.

—LIB FANT

Joint

"HE guy told me this joint's got the thickest atmosphere in town," Benie said, opening the door for her. "You can slice it with a knife."

"Any cover charge?" he asked the boys standing next door looking at the girls in the Kitten Klub.

The boys laughed, and the laugh was feet shifting and gold-plated links jingling from vest buttons to pockets heavy with keys and cuffs wrinkling over loafers with new pennies between the leather. "Cover? No cover," they laughed, eyes narrowing on the satin-striped pants.

They sat with their coats on because there was no hat check girl, and because Benie said that this was a place that might get rough, and they might want to leave in a hurry without taking time to put on their coats. Benie ordered ale and poured hers with the lip of the bottle just touching the glass, tipped to one side so that the foam burst as quickly as the ale trickled into the glass. There was a band behind the bar and a juke box decorated with peacocks between the signs that said "Men" and "Ladies." Two girls were dancing on the space between the booths, faces as indifferent as old maids playing solitaire. One was big and blonde, and her suit fitted tightly like a corset without stays, holding her flesh firm inside the skirt, but leaving the tight roundness of it. The other girl was thin, with eyeshadow shading her face into blue hollows where the rouge stopped. The sailor in the booth across from them put out his cigarette and leaned over to kiss the girl sitting with him. She could see Benie staring.

"Are those girls what I think they are?" he asked.

She thought that if he meant prostitutes why didn't he say prostitutes, and that it was no business of his if they were. She was irritated because he was staring as if it were all right to stare at these people. Like staring at the dog-faced boy in the sideshow because your ticket said "20 cents a look and stay as long as you like."

"And what if they are?" she said, running her fingers up and down the moisture of the glass. She would not look at him.

The band was taking a break and the tenor sax player walked back from behind the bar and held out his hand to the girl who had been dancing with the blonde and put a nickel in the juke box. The boy danced from the hips down, the tall, lank body mov-

ing with the counter beat of the music, making the girl dance fast with the brass tempo. He was good and knew he was good and did not have to dance fast to show that he was good. It would be undignified for him to dance as fast as he made the girl dance. He was dancing beneath the music, fondling the slow sensuousness of it, and he was making the girl dance on top of the music, hitting every note because he was contemptuous of her feeling for the music and would not share his knowledge with her. This was on his face and his shoulders, still without stiffness, while his body caressed the music in his dance and his eyes watched Benie staring at him.

He took the girl back to sit with the blonde and passing their table grinned and said, "She says she can't dance without her pants."

Benie looked at her and laughed with his mouth, "You did all right, feller."

And the boy because he had no need for the compliment said, "I haven't danced for two months." He went back to the band behind the bar, and his sax sang the music that was in his body, catching the tune and pushing the trumpet and the trombone and the bass fiddle out of the way. They could come along



—Peggy Finley

if they wanted to, but they could not touch this music he was making.

"It's nice, isn't it, Sugar," Benie said, squeezing her hand. "You and me, alone together in the middle of all these people."

But she did not feel alone with him at all. She felt alone with the tenor sax player. It was Benie who was alone because he couldn't understand that this wasn't a sideshow.

"What kind of peacocks are those on the juke box?" he asked, and put his arm around her when she leaned over to look.

She wanted to jerk away because if he wanted to put his arm around her, why couldn't he put it around her without making an excuse as if it were an accident, as if he couldn't do anything without pretending not to have done it on purpose. The sailor was kissing the girl, not caring about who was looking or even knowing that there was anybody there to care about. It would be beneath him to know that there were people in the other booths, and he could do what he damned well pleased because he was who he was and anybody who didn't like it could damn well lump it.

"Want to dance?" Benie asked her and put his chin down against her forehead. "Um," he said, "smells nice."

The sax player came back and looked for the girl and saw them standing there with Benie feeling in his pocket for a nickel to put in the juke box.

"Haven't seen you people around before," he said.

"This is our first time," Benie said. "We like it."

His courtesy to the house. Of course he didn't like it except for the atmosphere he could slice up into little pieces and carry home in his pocket to pull out in front of the boys and say, "Rough! That joint."

The Negro piano player came up and spoke to the boy. "Duke," he said, "that man they got up there. He don't know how to play a piano."

"I know, Buzz," Duke said. "But it won't hurt to try him out."

"Don't anybody in the whole goddamn outfit know how to play music but you and me, Duke."

"Sure, Buzz. I'll stick up for you."

The Negro turned to them and grinned: "Duke's my buddy. He'll tell you that himself. Ever since I

came here with Basie we've been buddies. Where's that woman of yours?" he asked, grinning at Duke.

"She's killing them ten rows back," Duke said and winked at Benie. "You saw the club next door."

"I've had women," Buzz interrupted. "All kinds of women. Look at this," he said and flipped the celluloid holders in his wallet, snapshots and photos-while - you - wait, tinted rouge on yellow-skinned women. "All of 'em," he said. "I've had 'em. All kinds. They love my music."

"They love you too, Buzz," Duke said and slapped him on the back. "Let me dance with your woman," he said to Benie.

Benie frowned and looked at Duke and Buzz.

He was thinking they were buddies, and he was frightened because he didn't know what they would do if he said no. He didn't know the code, and he was afraid of what the code might be.

"It's up to her," he said.

Duke was standing there waiting for her to dance with him. The door of the Ladies' Room opened and the girl who had been kissing the sailor walked between them. She was short, with her chest and waist and hips mashed together so that her body was all curves without any length except for the green satin stripes of her dress and the green suede pumps clicking across the floor. "Hello," Duke said and passed his hand down her back along the green satin stripe, like a jockey stroking his horse's flanks with a little pat at the end of the stroke.

"Go ta hell," she said, jerking her head around without stopping.

"She hates my guts," he said and laughed, watching the girl walk out the door with the sailor. "Come on, let's dance, baby," he said and moved towards her.

His hand reached out and his sleeve pulled back over the wreath tattooed around "Duke" on his arm. The brilliantine on his hair was strong with a sweet, nauseating smell. His eyes, and the tattoo, and the brilliantine smell whirled around Benie saying, "It's up to her" and Duke standing there grinning "Come on, baby."

Scared? She asked herself. Scared he'll run his hand down your back? Scared to say scared, you little hypocrite. "Thanks, Duke," she said, "but that ale doesn't feel so happy inside," and reached for Benie's arm. "Let's blow."

—VIRGINIA MCKINNON

Punctuation Protest

Out of primeval night, there mid galaxies of space
Pinched from the rubbing atoms into the death of
Time

Out of the wizard homes, in a small electric place
A nucleus was formed, pain-restless-pulse, in slime.
The mystic Will of the violins in the lonely voice of
the flute

Piped high of itself, then low of itself 'till lost in the
sound

It died. And the thunder curled around the world
'Til the heave and the hush of the reckless wind left
philosophers in dispute.

Sea surging half-fled into the thick-boned life
Earth urging half-peered into the skin of day
This dust-blood merging to see alone
Fear-flickering moonlight on a half-flung knife.

Blood fattened then the patterned rhythmic way
Of long historic veins, through vast society
Into the symbol land where laws are made
Into the painting in the church of mad propriety
Into numbers, names, touchless, fingered, weighed,
Into chaste and chipped time when men courtsey out
of their lives

In pompous paradox, in weeping and in creeping
undertones

And cautious man who, staring at the crowds that
stare at clowns, defies

The timeless consciousness of man. O! night-wind
moans

Are lost, lost, too, in minuets and the nurtured mea-
surements of life.

Shall we swallow parts of puzzles?
Wrap bright ribbons 'round our tongues?
Lift punctuations
And suffocate into oblivion?
Or should we shake away the cloths of politics
And in the roaring chaos see God break through
And triumph in the face of one enameled life?
Fold mountains in their graves?

Lalalumia, come back. O! Lalalumia!

Long, too long, our cracked hands clutch emptiness
O! Soaring, bursting flame of pathless passion
Away from the earth you fly.

Listen, the rhythmic beat of cold crowds
Filling vacuums the dead have left
Swallowing the last bright dust in greedy gulps
Stamping a heavy, long black line of dead souls
Upon the earth.

And look, those wind-bowed marshes in the mist,
Grey fumbling fingers moving down
The wet shores of our life.

We see the ghost-ships move slowly
Back and forth, fade, reappear.
Our souls! Out there!

Lalalumia, come back
For we are moldering marsh-weeds
Who fear the sun, and sluggish black water
Nourishes our roots.

And still half-fled into the thick-boned life
Must we sear-flicker on a half-fleeing knife.

—ELLIE BALCH

The Dress

TONI was lying on the sofa near the fire, warm and comfortable in her blue, wool robe. With her right foot, she idly explored the cool depths beneath the last cushion, wiggling her toes against the rough material. With her left foot close to the hearth, she caught tufts of the fuzzy rug in pink, turned-under toes. She curved her arm around her head, protecting her face from the heat, not caring that her left side was too hot. She was looking happily at the room.

She saw the window with snow blowing gently, like miniature feathers, against each slick, rectangular pane, piling in the corners of the wooden ledges, forming semi-oval frames for patches of white-speckled night. She saw the ceiling, blinking and glowing, firelit. She saw the furniture and the curving piano, bulky with shadows that snapped and swayed. The whole room was warm, breathing, alive.

The rug was cluttered with things. There were scissors with little, orange fires burning on the silver blades, a brown wicker basket bulging with spools of thread and papers of pins, a wrinkled tape measure with raveled edges, and a thimble with a single spark embedded in each tiny hollow. There were the scraps of cloth—nothing remained except long slender strands like shiny, silver tracks left by an unseen snail crawling in and out of the shadows. This was the result of weeks of work.

This and the long, beautiful dress of brocaded satin that half-hid the tall gold-framed mirror on the wall. It hung over the top of the frame, touching the glass, which reflected the hundreds of small round buttons in the back. Toni looked lovingly at every fold of the dress with its carefully scalloped neck and sleeves, its tiny waist and wide skirt. Even on the hanger, the heavy, silver-white satin kept its shape. She remembered trying it on for the first time. She had turned, and delicate, white-woven flowers had appeared in the cloth. She had turned again, and they had disappeared. For a long time she had stood turning slowly, fascinated, watching the flowers come and go. Now, the dress looked antique yellow in the glow. Its ability to change was almost magical. It *should* be magical. This was the most important dress in her life, and she would wear it soon, very soon—before Christmas!

She closed her eyes tightly; she opened them. She repeated the process several times, letting the new

dress surprise her as if she had never seen it before. She was warm and drowsy.

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Toni did not hear her mother enter the room. She was conscious only of the slight movement of cool fingers against her cheek. She began to hear uncertain murmurings—about youth and plans and a telegram. She smiled not believing. A telegram—a telegram!

The dress sat at the piano. Only a red velvet corner of the bench showed under the billowy skirt; only an edge of worn gold pedal showed under the hem. The tiny round buttons outlined the natural curve of the back. The elbows bent loosely away from the body, and the satin arms moved slowly over the black and white of the keyboard. Toni waited, but there was no sound! The dress was vacant, empty, only a shapely shell. No hands came from the sleeves! And from the neck came nothing but the dull, ugly greyness of the coat hanger, bending its sharp, twisted head toward the golden lettering and the golden lyre that shone on the polished mahogany.

Her mother passed slowly through the shadows. There was a half-heard metallic click of the door, and a half-felt breeze.

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Toni's shoes were white as she dug them hard into the rug. Her curving arm pressed against her temple, making it ache. Sleet, hitting the window like gravel, was freezing and packing the snow tightly. Dying bits of fire escaped at intervals from grey, powdered ashes and crackled up the chimney. Black shadows, crowding into the corners, swallowed over each other and became still. The little orange fires no longer burned on the blades of the scissors. The sparks had left the thimble. The snail tracks had disappeared into the obscurity.

Toni saw all of the mirror now, reflecting only darkness. The hanger scraped against its gold frame. The brocaded satin dress slipped to the floor—crumpling, capturing air under its puffs—leaden in the darkness. It was a pile of once-white rose petals, pulled and torn from unopened buds, left wilting, warping and decaying.

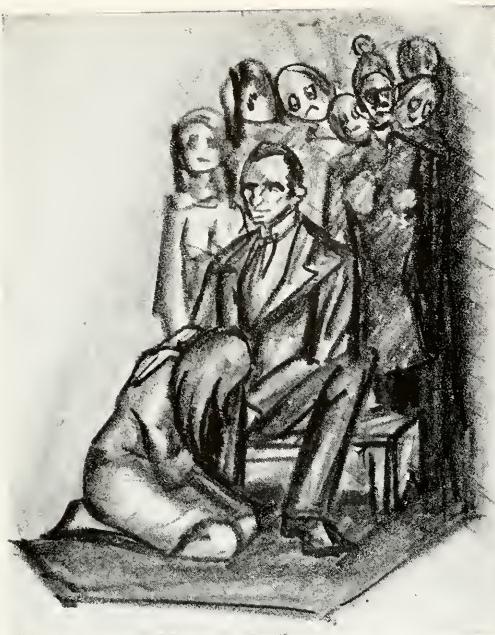
—NANCY SHEPHERD

winter issue



PICTURE OF THE MONTH

—Martyttonne Debones



—Martyvonne Dehouney

Hell Bound

I used to wonder how they ever come through the winter alive. They had their hogs, and summers Zenobie worked their garden. She was a good worker when she set her mind to it. But the land was poor. I 'lowed they must have made something offen it, though, for I never see'd 'em to appear hungry. Come fall they had right smart fruit trees — winesaps they was. But I never heard of no one living offen apples. And Zenobie had a silk dress she bought in Hampton.

That's when I first suspected her. And I wasn't the only one. They was talk about her over in the hollow where my man's folks lives. And it didn't stop there, neither.

She was always pretty free with the boys, even in school, I've heard my Ellie say. "Ma," she'd say, "she grins at 'em so. And at the water bucket she shinnies up to 'em like you ain't never seen."

The older she got they started more and more coming up to see her. They wasn't all young bucks, and they wasn't all from the hill. Some of 'em come all the way from Hampton and wore store suits. But I never heard of no talk of marrying from Zenobie.

"I'm having my time like it is," she told my Ellie once, "and Ma and me are living fine all right."

The summer she was sixteen was when it got to be the worst. I know Ellie was sixteen the same time. There was somebody up at their house to speak with Zenobie ever' night of the week, it seemed like, and all evening Sundays. It looked to me they thought no other gal was fitten to set up with, but her.

She wasn't pretty. She was just a stringy little thing. But she had a lot of get-up about her, just like her Ma used to, and that's one thing the boys liked, I guess. Her hair, it looked to be the color of sunripened corn tassels and it fell to her shoulders. And when Zenobie laughed out, we could hear her over to our place. My man would look at me and twinkle his eye and say, "Zenobie's a-courtin'." Then I'd have to say something distractin' to Ellie, setting there by herself.

It was late in the summer we had our protracted meeting in the church, with a new preacher from town, Brother Hunter. They ain't nobody I ever heard give a message across like Brother Hunter, and

ZENOBIE was the meanest gal in the county, and they wasn't a man anywhere from Hampton to Beeg Log that wouldn't own to it if he was asked. But it wasn't the kind of lying, cheating meanness I'm speaking about; it was the high-stepping, devil-take-it sinful meanness, and she'd be the last one around to try to hide it.

Zenobie didn't care. She didn't never take stock by what other folks thought about her doings, so long as she done what she wanted. And I can't say as how I didn't sort of admire her for it, though you know I don't mean she done right. You can say one thing, though, she wasn't in the least wise sneaking.

"Nobie," I've heard her Ma tell her time and again, "Nobie, you'd ought to quit this running around like a heifer in the springtime. You bringing shame on your pore Ma and her not able to git out and defend you."

Zenobie's Ma stayed home most the time. She had ailments.

"It's po' circulation," she always said. "Doctor says I got po' circulation."

They wasn't nobody lived with her and Zenobie. The Pa hadn't left them. He just hadn't never showed up since before Zenobie was born.

for Sartin

we all went regular ever' night. And that's when I got to thinking about Zenobie. We'd pass their house going down to church; and if I didn't hear talking on the porch, I'd hear laughing low down at the other side of the spring house.

I thought about how Brother Hunter said himself from the pulpit that they would be stars in the crown of him that led one sinner to repent. I thought how it would be if somebody could bring Zenobie into the church. Her Ma wasn't never much hand to go to meetings, so I took it on myself to speak to Zenobie.

She sort of made an eye at me and she said she was too busy, but I kept after her ever' day and finally on Thursday she said she 'lowed she'd go that evening if I'd quit pestering her.

We was late and had to set near the back, but that wasn't no matter, for Brother Hunter preaches pretty loud, enough so that those that stay out in the yard can hear. I had spoke to him already of Zenobie, and he said how he hoped I'd bring her to him and let him lead her to glory. I had faith in that man, even if he was youngish, for he wasn't nobody's fool. He kept his eye on the back row through the sermon, and I know he saw Zenobie and was preaching to her.

She was eyeing some men across the aisle at first, and one of them was trying to say something to her. But pretty soon I saw that she was took up with what Brother Hunter was saying. He had a real pretty voice that rolled down your back like molasses from outer a jug. And when he got warmed up, his eyes would flash out clean to the top of the church. It made me think of the lightning I saw hit our white maple during last April's big storm, you remember. And all that time Zenobie didn't move a muscle. She never quit watching his face.

Brother Hunter talked to young folks especially, and said Satan had to be driv' out and hell-bound sinners repent, or the world would fall in on our ears and nobody but the good would be saved. He went on to preach as good a sermon as I would 'a' wanted to hear. And they was tears rolling down his nose, big as garden peas, that's how het up he was. He called for the lost to come up to the fold, and during

the hymn he walked among the aisles crying out over the singing to the sinners in the congregation of the righteousness. Zenobie never stopped watching him.

I put my arm around her, intending to speak to her. But her back felt like a poker under my hand—she was that stiff. She said, "Leave me be," real sharp.

Brother Hunter was back up front now, but he was looking back at us and Zenobie. He said, right straight to her, with them black eyes, "Oh, sinner, come home."

And as I set here and breathe, she was off her seat and up to the front before I could know it. They was a heavy pounding in my heart that I couldn't get shut of, and I knowed I was seeing something like a miracle. I watched her get down on her knees at the mourners' bench, and that hair of hers fell clean over the front of her when she put her hands up to her face. She was right still and didn't move when Brother Hunter come and put his hand on her shoulder. I couldn't but think she made a pretty sight.

After ever'body had left outer the church, she was still up front and Brother Hunter was with her, setting there on the bench patting her hand and talking low to her. He looked up and saw we was waiting at the door.

"You all can go on. I'll see she gets home," he said, and I thought that showed real charity, if ever I see'd it.

I was proud as a setting hen to think that I'd had a hand in bringing Zenobie down front, and I went home feeling good, knowing she was in the right company now. That's why I was so put out to hear

(Continued on Page 20)



—Martyonne Dehoney

Khaki

I STOOD at the corner of Arnon Street and waited. My meeting was to be held at eight o'clock, and it was now only a little after seven. I did not like arriving at the appointed place too early, so I stood and waited.

I was wearing khaki. It was strange how this standard uniform of my underground movement affected me. Even though in Palestine khaki was worn on all occasions, when on my way to an underground meeting the drab shirt and blouse made me feel conspicuous, made me fear all British policemen I chanced to pass. Though I knew they were not aware of the fact that khaki had other than everyday usage, the knowledge of my secret destination gave me the queer sensation that their eyes were on me, reading my thoughts. I was always expecting to be stopped and asked for my identification card. The absence of such a card could subject any person to questioning and imprisonment; and though I was not yet sixteen, the age when a card was required of every citizen in Palestine, I had always looked older than I was. I was forever afraid of someday being put to the test of discovering whether my loyalty to my movement would prevent me from disclosing any of its secrets.

I was just beginning to relax, standing at the street corner, when I saw two policemen strolling towards me. For a moment my heart stood still and then resumed its beating with double speed. Thoughts began to race across my mind in rapid succession. They will surely stop to question me, and I have no identification card. I know they will not believe I am only fifteen years old. They will want to know

what I am doing in this neighborhood, where only the poorest dwell. They will want to know where I am going and why I am wearing a khaki uniform, and I shall be too frightened to answer them logically.

I knew I still had time to walk away, but my legs refused to move and my feet seemed stuck to the ground. The policemen were drawing near, and I started praying silently. They were passing me now. A sigh of relief escaped my lips, and I was just about to laugh at my fears when they stopped.

"Let's question her, Reggie," said one of them. "She looks out of place in this slummy neighborhood."

They started toward me. I was grateful for the evening darkness which hid my pallor. I broke out in a cold sweat, and my mind kept repeating, could this be happening to me?

Then I heard the policeman called Reggie say, "Dash it all, Don. This is our day off and I'm damned if I'm going to waste it."

Abruptly they turned and rounded the corner.

The whole incident could not have lasted more than a few minutes, but to me it seemed like an eternity. I wanted to turn and run from that corner, but I still could not move. Then a voice from behind me said, "What's the matter, Eve? You look as though you have just seen a ghost."

I turned to face my best friend, Alice. "Not a ghost," I replied, "only two policemen."

She understood. We started walking away slowly, and as an afterthought I added, "I hate khaki, don't you?"

—EVE DAVIDOWITZ

Your make-it-exact so-what
 Prove it
 Whatsit-to-you was affrighted
 By my large oh-scattering
 Pell-mell
 World-gather-in oh-come-to-me;
 Did not recognize
 The aching truth-beauty-love need
 All spreading tender shelter
 Which is involved in coming home.
 Not four walls, three meals, but heart.

—BETTY SUTTON

Without Dust

All the King's Men

by Robert Penn Warren

TAKING as his starting point the life and career of Huey Long, Robert Penn Warren in *All the King's Men* has written a novel which, though it adheres closely to fact, is nevertheless a creative work and must be treated as such. Neither idealizing nor condemning Long, it deals with a fictional character, Willie Stark, whose story is told through the eyes of his political research man, Jack Burden. From honest but ambitious country lawyer to governor and political boss of his state climbs Willie Stark with a following of vividly drawn characters—cynical and idealistic Jack Burden; Anne Stanton, childhood friend of Jack, who is aware of her own sense of incompleteness; Adam Stanton, her brother, man of idea; Sadie Burke, with pock-marked face and personality; Tiny Duffy, drawn by an irresistible force; and Sugar-Boy, who loves the Boss with a dog-like devotion.

The book is more than just a story of a red-faced, red-necked country boy's rise to demagogic political power. It is a novel which attempts to answer a philosophical question concerning the conflict of fact and idea, of relative and absolute good and evil. In the raw, clever, and intense Stark is an understanding of men and the things they desire to accomplish; and for this reason he, the man of fact, can put his finger on the conflict Adam Stanton, the man of idea, faces in his desire to do good in an evil system and still keep his neat, romantic idea of the distinct line between good and evil. Stark says that good grows out of evil. "Goodness. Yeah, just plain, simple goodness. Well, you can't inherit that from anybody. You got to make it, Doc. If you want it. And you got to make it out of badness. Badness. And you know why, Doc? . . . Because there isn't anything else to make it out of."

With this idea is also the idea that man makes the good alone. There seems to be lacking the concept of a God directing and aiding in the creation of good in Stark's self-styled destiny. What man considers as good is good, and with change comes different good, suggesting a relativism of morality. It is only when Adam has been disillusioned by the discovery that his idealized father was not above undercover work that he accepts the position as head of a hospital built by the hated Stark.

There is another character who has nothing but hate for Stark, Ellis Burden, the Scholarly Attorney, the man whom Jack believes is his father. Yet in the Scholarly Attorney's ideas is a strange resemblance to those of Stark.

"The creation of man whom God in His foreknowledge knew doomed to sin was the awful index of God's omnipotence. For it would have been a thing of trifling and contemptible ease for Perfection to create mere perfection. To do so would, to speak truth, be not creation but extension. Separateness is identity and the only way for God to create, truly create, man was to make him separate from God Himself, and to be separate from God is to be sinful. The creation of evil is therefore the index of God's glory and His power. That had to be so that the creation of good might be the index of man's glory and power. But by God's help. By His help and in His wisdom."

In the Scholarly Attorney's concept of the rise of good is the assistance of God to man's creating good in working toward perfection, as opposed to the all-powerful-man idea of Stark. But essentially moral relativism is apparent in both, giving the book unity of protagonistic and antagonistic ideas.

There is a feeling that through the not-too-clearly-drawn Jack Burden, Mr. Warren is expressing his sense of conflict between fact and idea. There is also the feeling that in Adam Stanton he could be drawing from conflict he himself might have had when teaching at the Huey Long-supported Louisiana State University, a conflict of moral relativism and moral absolutism. In this novel, Mr. Warren seems to be discussing with real doubt, the absolutes.

The plot is held together by a close interweaving of the careers and characters of Willie and Jack, though Willie is more convincingly drawn. The book's only inconsistency is the sudden turning of Stark from his women-studded life back to his wife Lucy after the football accident in which his son is paralyzed. The abrupt turn seems too out of character for a man who has lived so long another way. What might seem illogical, that Jack and Anne can be attracted to so violent, crude, and melodramatic a man as Stark, is made valid by his sureness and confidence in himself, that which they lacked entirely. Though sometimes shallow, the character of Jack Burden develops fairly consistently throughout the book. In apparently speaking through him, Mr. Warren has not given him the chance to develop into a character who would speak for himself. Thus he does not live as distinctly as do the other characters in the book.

With a prose excellence that is very near poetry in many parts, Mr. Warren has made his book more memorable in form than in content. An excellent example is a passage near the beginning of the book:

"We would go gusting along the slab, which would be pale in the starlight between the patches of woods and the dark fields where the mist was rising. Way

off from the road a barn would stick up out of the mist like a house sticking out of the rising water when the river breaks the levee. Close to the road a cow would stand knee-deep in the mist, with horns damp enough to have a pearly shine in the starlight, and would look at the black blur we were as we went whirling into the blazing corridor of light which we could never quite get into for it would be always splitting the dark just in front of us. The cow would stand there knee-deep in the mist and look at the black blur and the blaze and then, not turning its head, at the place where the black blur and blaze had been, with the remote, massive, un vindictive indifference of God-All-Mighty or Fate or me, if I were standing there knee-deep in the mist, and the blur and the blaze whizzed past and withered on off between the fields and the patches of woods."

Such passages as this give the narrative its beauty, emphasized by photostatic accuracy of description, brilliancy of color, sustained colloquialism, and a style that changes with the changing intent of the plot. The movement of the novel is one of the most interesting things about it, and one possessing an originality that makes it difficult to compare with any other recent novel. Through association of thoughts and connection of imagery, Mr. Warren makes his book move backward and forward in time, though in not exactly the same way as the familiar flashback method. He does not begin a new chapter with each movement forward or backward, but through a sense of interaction of thought, imagery, and character creates movement.

With force and drive in its vigorous prose, philosophy and history in its story, Mr. Warren's novel is one of the better human and dramatic narratives of recent times.

—LUCY RODGERS

Dickens, Dali and Others

by George Orwell

GEORGE ORWELL seems to be a man of varied tastes. His collection of essays with the euphonious name ranges not only from Dickens to Dali but also from Yeats to Wodehouse with spirited fillings on English postcards and a murder mystery. The tone throughout the book is the essence of unity, however; it is rather indefinable — more like a feeling that the author is a man of consistent ideas and one who applies them to everything in popular culture. He echoes popular opinion on many issues, taking a proletarian defense toward such writers as Kipling and Wodehouse, and making a definite appeal in his study of less generally discussed subjects as boys' magazines and picture postcards. This common ground relieves for the general public the essays on Yeats and Arthur Koestler.

"Charles Dickens," the longest of the essays, hits closer home to more people than do any of the others.

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The number of people who have not read his works and heard him discussed from diverse points of view is small and rare. Is he a liberal, radical, or conservative? Sentimental or cynical? Of the proletariat or bourgeois? In a few dogmatic, qualified statements, Orwell defines his position: "Even if Dickens was a bourgeois, he was certainly a subversive writer, a radical, one might truthfully say a rebel." "He was not . . . a proletarian writer." "Dickens is not a revolutionary writer." "Lack of vulgar nationalism." He uses widely as example and starting points the opinions of other critics and passages from the novels. He does prove his points. He also expatiates widely on the fact that while Dickens attacked nineteenth century institutions, like many another reformer, he offered no solution.

The next essay, "Boys' Weeklies," offers unfamiliar ground for exploration of American readers. Orwell describes the popular periodicals and approves of them. The American corollary would be a funny book, an object of dubious approval. However, the English weekly is not obnoxious in any comparison, but it is hardly challenging. The majority of the magazines he describes are harmless, unexciting serials of boys' life in school, relieved by such fantasies as cricket and practical jokes. Their charm is for the young working boy who can find himself in some one character.

The weeklies carefully steer away from controversial subjects to such an extent that they seem still in the Dark Ages. "In reality, their basic political assumptions are two: nothing ever changes, and foreigners are funny." Socialism is never concerned in what would be an ideal organ for it as far as the impression of childhood reading is important in later life.

Orwell goes on to defend Rudyard Kipling as a good bad poet. "He is as a poet what Harriet Beecher Stowe was as a novelist." Good poetry seems to belong to a small cult while "Bridge of Sighs," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," and "Danny Deever" belong to the masses. Orwell also defends the poet's position as a conservative who identified himself with the ruling power and not the opposition as is popularly supposed from the bulk of his work.

Salvador Dali falls under his disgusted pen and his aberrations are explained as due to the sophisticated society around him. An investigation of his clock-works should start from the fact that his pictures are "diseased and disgusting."

The English SANCTUARY gets another beating. This is a killer-thriller under the name of *No ORCHIDS FOR MISS BLANDISH* which is influenced by American imports and fares badly beside some of them. He compares it to another series of British murders, RAFFLES, decently and gentlemanly.

The almost forgotten and pointedly ignored P. G. Wodehouse gets a hand from Orwell though. On

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She's Gone Now

(Continued from Page 5)

She started up the stairs, expecting to hear her name called any minute. She slowed down a bit as she began the second flight. The steps were a little darker here and not as worn. The smell of floor wax was stronger. At the top of the steps she paused a moment facing the one door on her right, letting the sounds and echoes of the creaks in the stairs die away. The short hallway was dark. The brown wallpaper had pulled loose in the corners and was folded like the pages of well-worn books.

At her touch the door opened and she stepped inside. The room was quiet. There were noises from the street and faint sounds from downstairs, but the room was quiet.

"Like a cool palm on a feverish forehead." The voice seemed more distinct here.

Janice walked over to the one large window. Her eyes rested upon the two slender strips of stained glass on each side. Lavender and rose. Long ago when Janice had asked why they were there, the answer had been strange, yet satisfying.

"My colors, Janice. Rose for dawn, lavender for dusk, times I love. No memories about them, no excuse for liking them, just mine somehow."

Little silent echoes from the peacefulness of church, too, Janice had thought.

The girl sat down in the heavy chair by the window and leaned against the afghan which was folded across the back. On the one shelf of the marble-top table at her side was a row of books beautifully bound in blue leather. Lightly Janice's fingers slid across their backs. Less than a month ago, old blue-veined hands had held each book for the last time.

"If only we could hold all the beauty from inside by drawing it in through our fingertips. If we could know a loved one's thoughts by touching the outline of her face."

Outside, a brisk wind whirred around the corner of the house. Janice leaned forward to watch the weeping willow across the yard.

"Flurry and billowing, the hoop skirt of our dancing lady."

"The head of the angry musician," Janice had laughingly corrected.

The afternoon was golden. Janice let her head rest upon her folded hands.

"Autumn's eternal technicolor—afternoons like ripe, lush fruit. Clouds—look, Janice—flat on the bottom as if they had just gotten up from sitting down."

Janice heard her own voice from somewhere out of the undercurrents of the past:

"Granny, the storm last night—the clouds are so bruised this morning."

Time strolled casually through shaded paths, lingering almost imperceptibly in the warm glows of sunlit thoughts.

Janice began to notice the greying of the vibrant horizon.

"Cocoon of night is being spun, Janice."

Janice pulled herself out of the chair. It was only five o'clock, but, remembering that they were to have an early supper, she started her descent of the steps. Halfway down she stopped abruptly, catching a little breath. Faint smells of many flowers. Her face turned slightly and she looked back up the steps. There was a film over the soft light in her eyes.

As she reached the bottom of the steps and turned toward the dining room, she heard the tinkle of ice water being poured into glasses. The sound of voices came to her again. Her father was clearing his throat.

"Where's Janice?"

"I don't know. Upstairs, I suppose." Her mother's voice.

"... your mother's extreme age ... last winter's examination ... not injurious ideas ... harmless ... decaying in her mind. Well, she's gone now."

Janice's hand was tightly gripping her small belt buckle. Her eyes had widened a little. She turned away from the door and limped back to the foot of the stairs. Hurrying more and more she tried to go up them two at a time. Her breath came much faster as she reached the second flight. Twice her foot caught on the edge of a step and only by pulling hard on the banister could she keep her balance. She felt a tightness in her chest. As she reached the end of the stairs, her right hand rested a moment on the topstep. She pulled herself up before the door. Between her gasps she swallowed hard once or twice. All sound had died out now. Gradually her breathing became quieter. She touched the knob and the door opened. Her glance reached out and rested upon the glowing strip of rose in the window. For a moment there was no movement and no breathing. She closed the door behind her.

—SARA LAYTON



—Jane Laughinghouse

Greece

(Continued from Page 4)

not invited? I'm sure she had the qualifications for attending our meeting. She uses Flaminius' Favorite Flea Powder. I have heard it said, "She's lovely, she's engaged, she takes Economics 211." [What more could anyone ask for?] Of course, a blind man of Massena told me how lovely she was.

REYNOLDS: Indeed not? Dost thou suppose we would ask her when she doesn't even know the difference between tribes and classes? By the way, where is your husband?

WELLER: He has journeyed to see Cæsar and Cleopatra.

REYNOLDS: Oh, he went to Egypt?

WELLER: No, he just went down to the National Theatre.

Enter men led by LUCIUS LYCANDER.

REYNOLDS: Ah! Here cometh the chorus known as the Boys from Syracuse. Here comes Proverbial Pythagoras, the great Sophist who answers all by ancient proverbs. Hail, Verbie!

PROVERBIAL PYTHAGORAS: Spilt milk gathers no moss.

WELLER: Hast thou come to join us in the festivities?

PROVERBIAL PYTHAGORAS: One rotten apple spoils the chickens before they're hatched. One rotten apple is worth two on the bush.

WELLER: Well, I am very insulted!

REYNOLDS: Did you come for the refreshments tonight?

PROVERBIAL PYTHAGORAS: Wormy apples are the spice of life. Too many cooks gather no moss. A rolling stone spoils the broth.

KING and LYCURGUS leave the stage with KING singing, "Oh! Give Me Something To Remember You By!"

WELLER: Lycurgus the Cad — oh! I mean Lycurgus, the Cad, hasn't gone to the woods with Cassandra King. Even though he is a lawyer he hasn't no right to take her away.

Chorus sings: "Alone from night to night you'll find her, too weak to break the chains that bind her . . ." [That's how it is explained that Keister is engaged. Tune a la Weller.]

REYNOLDS: Oh, Xenophon, you're just jealous because he didn't take you. Why, he is the ideal of the Achæan League. He is worshiped by the people, and why? It is not everyone who can give Frank Sinatra voice lessons [but someone certainly should] and, too, he has appeared on Information Please and he even won a set of Aristotle's Complete Encyclopedia.

WELLER: Hubba, hubba . . . Say, Pythagoras, what thinkst thou of this man?

PROVERBIAL PYTHAGORAS: Every worm has a silver lining.

KING re-enters the stage screaming, head in arms [if that is uncomfortable, Dixie, just leave that part out] yelling, "The deed has been done."

WELLER: Hark! She carries a clue clutched in her hand. It is a sig — a sig — a sig —

REYNOLDS: That couldn't be, Cassandra King, she only uses Prince Albert.

KING: The deed was certainly done up right. He even had the deed signed by a notary public.

WELLER: Well, he should've, being a lawyer. He has an option on you, at lease!

PROVERBIAL PYTHAGORAS: One rotten worm in the bush is the best policy!

P. S.—If anyone in the audience doesn't understand this passage, the author suggests that they audit Dr. Carlson's Hygiene 101. (Then you can come and explain it to the author.)

Scene Three: A street in Athens

Time: Nine months after Scene Two

WELLER: Hark! Euripides Reynolds, dost thou have any news to impart, or will I have to listen to H. B. Kaltenborn [with apologies to Mr. K. and Mr. Webster] tonight?

REYNOLDS: The Roman revenuers are due in the city on the morrow.

WELLER: Well, I hope they bring their band with them. That Nero, the first violinist, is really hep. What have they come for?

REYNOLDS: They have come to demand a tribute. The report comes that a collection is necessary to buy cloth to supplement the clothing in Rome. The report comes that K. Boyd has shocked the city by her indecent dress; 'tis said that she wore only three-quarter length sleeves at the Vatican.

WELLER: Oh, how disgraceful! By all means we must ostracize her in our next unpopularity contest.

SOLDIER enters and says: Hast heard of the latest pending disaster? Sparta is threatened from within and has called on Athens for aid. The helots are organizing under "Eyebrows" L. Lewis and production of Delos Dog Biscuit is threatened. (*He leaves.*)

WELLER: Ah! Who approacheth forewith?

REYNOLDS: Lo, 'tis Cassandra King. Hark! What hath she in her arms?

WELLER: It's a bird, it's a plane, it's Superman.

REYNOLDS: Not so. 'Tis only a babe in arms.

Chorus sings: "Put Another Chair at the Table."

KING: See my newborn son. Here are his clothes (*holding up a cloth*). I am exposing him.

WELLER: Ah! At last I know what that means.

REYNOLDS: Tell us, Cassandra, how has it come to pass that you have this child?

Chorus sings: "Put the Blame on Mame, Boys! Put the Blame on Mame!"

KING: I am taking my child out to the mountains to expose him. I want him to grow up with the right

kind of people. I want him to get the right kind of a start in life. I want him to be like his father. He must grow up with "Wolves." I must have some covering for my child. Give me your shirt, Euripides Reynolds. (*She starts to snatch her shirt off.*)

REYNOLDS: Euripides, and I'll hit you right back!

KING: I must be off to the mountains. It is I who am the lucky one. Did you know that it is tonight that the Macedonian Moonshiners Meeting is to be? They are even going to have the National Barn Dance. I see doubt in the eyes of my colleagues. Do you not think I am able to attend such a meeting tonight? Why, 'tis a matter of only 748 miles to Macedonia and I fully expect to be there by twilight.

WELLER: How do you propose to be transported, Cassie?

KING: For this trip I shall take the speedy, dependable Southern Railway. (*She leaves.*)

WELLER: I must bid you farewell, Reynolds. Since Flaminius Fowler say'st we shalt have a pop test, I must hurry to get the questions from her other class of Sopherers. Too, it is time for me to set up my portable short wave television radio set and tune in on "Hops Herodotus Harrigan" Armenian's Ace of the Navy Waves [commander of which is Tele-machus Tenant].

REYNOLDS: I too shall bid you farewell. I am bound for Troy. I must attend a formal party there tomorrow. A friend of mine named Helen is having a "coming out" party to which I am invited. I shall feast my eyes on your lovely carcus the next time Cleon Keister takes it upon herself to invade the Classics. I hope to see you in Rome a couple of hundred years hence. (*They leave.*)

P. S.—She Cæsar!

—ALICE KEISTER

Ultimate

This is the moment when the voices lean
Out to each other and the bodies speak
This when the river builds towards space
A tower of moonlight and the world
Flows downward to the sea.
The hour when all our knowledge is resolved
In touch and answers spring
Like Venus from the hollows of our hands.

The sum of wonder is the escaping chain
That winds the river and the spilling town
And questions flare along the waterfront
Ford Spry for Baking and the Jackfrost sign.
Panic propels the scarlet ferris wheel
And pity dulls the tinsel palisades
While sidewalk footsteps sound the human wail
That speeds along the lonely subway train.

Believe me builds the bridge of twinkling steel
Accept me pulls the ocean-liner out
And
 Love me
 Love me
 sews the tattered seam
That binds the ragged night from star to star.

—NANCY SIFF

Hell Bound for Sartin

(Continued from Page 13)

her voice laugh out late that night, just as if nothing had happened. I wondered which one of the boys was setting up with her.

Next morning I happened to run by their house, and I just asked her. "Zenobie," I says, "not that it's my business, but I thought the preacher brung you safe home last night."

"Oh," she says, "he did. Real safe."

"Then what did you do?"

"Why, I come on to bed when he left."

I don't have to tell you I was some surprised to find out it was Brother Hunter up there, and making her laugh out like she was. But I figured that was his business and the Lord's, and I said nothing but to ask her was she going to meeting that night. She said she guessed she was, but she didn't seem none too set up about it. I watched her looking down at her hands a lot during the service. I hadn't never saw Zenobie looking that sheepy before. But I knew she was realizing her sins. She didn't never look across the aisle a time, or anywhere but at Brother Hunter and at her hands. I could see he talked to her again that night. When the service was over we all went up to shake hands with the preacher, but Zenobie, she stayed at the side door and waited.

Brother Hunter asked where we'd left Zenobie, and he went over to her. I saw he spoke something low to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder gentle. Then they took out the door together, and that's all we saw of 'em. That's the first time I ever saw a preacher leave without speaking to one and all around the church beforehand.

We set out soon after, half expectin' to meet Brother Hunter coming back from Zenobie's, for he had long legs and looked to be a good walker. But we never met him.

Just when we passed Zenobie's house, I stopped.



—Peggy Kerr

"Pa," I said, "I'd a swore I heard voices coming from over to the spring house."

Pa and Ellie stood with me, and I could notice Ellie's eyes getting big in the moonlight.

We could hear a voice soft like molasses. "Zenobie, I'm begging you for the last time. Will you go?"

"No sir, I'll have no more truck with you." Then I looked at Pa, but he didn't look back at me. "You ain't to be trusted," we heard Zenobie say. "Even if you wasn't lying, I couldn't go. I got Ma."

"Zenobie, think about yourself. You're too good for these people."

"I'm plumb ashamed to hear you say that. And you a preacher!"

"Shhh, Zenobie, don't raise your voice. Come on, Sugar, I and you could leave here tonight, and you'd never have to come back."

Zenobie sounded like a fighting banny rooster. "Git yore cheatin' hands off me, afore I light in on you." We could hear her plain as day.

Then there was a laugh that sounded like Brother Hunter, except not quite. Before I could stop Pa, he was down toward the spring house, and he hollered, "What you want I should do, Nobie?"

Just at that time I saw somebody with legs long as a new filly run out the lower side of the spring house and head across the field past our new tobacco barn.

I don't know when he quit running or where he come out at. All I know is we didn't have meeting next night. Brother Hunter sent word he had been called back to town for a important preachers' meet. But Pa went down on business, and found out he wasn't in Hampton. Didn't no one seem to know where he was.

Last night was another one of them clear moon nights, and we could hear Zenobie laughing out clean over here.

"Ellie," I says, "you know, sometimes it strikes me they is something right pretty about her."

—PINKY MCLEOD

Your cigarette profanes the night.
Its impudent glow is shamed before the stars,
And while its spirit wisps aimlessly,
Pure vapor mists above the quiet lake.
When both are done, the after-taste is different.

—MARY LEIGHTON

Without Dust

(Continued from Page 16)

second thought, it might not be loudly applauding, but it makes sufficient *apologia pro vita sua*. Orwell excuses the creator of Psmith, Jeeves, and Bertie Wooster on the grounds that he died somewhere back in the early part of the century and cannot be blamed for any of his questionable political activities with the Nazis. The Nazis to him were people who offered him money for a broadcast, counting on the fact that he would make a fool of himself and his country. He was not capable of understanding Fascism or any other cause for which he gave his name or presence

unless it happened before 1920. All of which makes Wodehouse more ridiculous than any of his characters but may ease the minds of some of his surreptitious readers who failed to see the non-existent Fascist tendencies in his works.

In Orwell's opinion, America seems to be responsible for many of the sins of the British Isles. If it were not for the United States, England would probably still be the England of Bertie Wooster and the boys' weeklies, calm and complacent in its politics and morals. He is essentially a sentimentalist and a conservative with a tinge toward H. G. Wells and Arthur Koestler—all in all, not too interesting or important.

—MARGIE MUNRO

I am afraid of shadows
crawling through the night
and clouds that drag
across the sky.

Pools drop black and sullen
through the drying leaves
to mingle with the afternoon
still present in decay
and quiet fear.

Midnights twisted from
distorted ages
crumble into vacant echoes
and grow warm in weariness.

Through my body,
sounds are circling toward
a silent wavering of reason,
and the indecision of desire.

Can you stalk disaster,
give it visibility
and size . . .
measure it for swift
annihilation?

—LIB FANT

Epic

When he said I was the first and only one he'd
wanted
I knew that he was lying then because the car
was haunted.

—NAN SUTTON

In This Issue . . .

We are happy to present new names to CORADDI's readers:

Alice Keister's "Greece" was begot of Miss Cometti's Medieval History class, but is too much fun to confine to McIver 300. You may or may not recognize characters Marian Weller, Dot Reynolds, Dixie King, and Playwright Keister.

"Punctuation Protest," a somewhat belated offering, was submitted by Ellie Balch last fall before her return to home-state Maryland.

"She's Gone Now" is Sara Layton's first published story and makes us wonder how such a small person can contain so much versatility.

Nancy Shepherd's "The Dress" gives promise of things to come from this writing sophomore.

"Khaki" by Eve Davidowitz suggests something of her experiences in Palestine and a facile mastery of a new language.

Lib Fant and poetry return to CORADDI, as well as to the campus, after a two-year stint in the army.

Among the ever-faithful, tried and true contributors we find Pinky McLeod and "Hell Bound for Sartin." Leave us mourn no longer the lack of humor among W. C.'s writers.

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—Sketch by JANICE ROBERTS

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